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MARRIE WILL . - MISSOURI

Work on the railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem has been begun, and it is be-lieved that the line will be in operation by October of next year.

A VERY sensible suggestion of Mr. Powderly-that election day be made Labor Day, so as to insure every working man the opportunity to vote.

A window glass trust has been organized, and a man can't look out of his window to see a runaway horse or a street fight without paving a tax to a great monopoly.

THE time is at hand when the mighty Sophomore will stalk forth at night to seize the cowering Freshman and convince him that college life has its upand downs with the aid of a blanket.

PHILADELPHIA genius has perfected a nickel-in-the-slot device which furnishes the victim with a cheap novel. What would be more valuable, however, would be a machine to protect a man from poor fiction.

THE difficulties in getting to his mission thrown in the way of Mr. Douglass by the refusal of the commanders of naval vessels to carry him are considerably augmented by the fact that the walking to Hayti is very bad at this season of the year.

THE death of a prize fighter soon after leaving "the ring-side," in St. Louis, does not seem to deter other prizefighters from courting a similar fate. It is to be feared that the average slugger, like the average society actress, would welcome death for the excellence of the advertisement.

A St. PAUL man named Boorfried has discovered a combination of chemicals which will dissolve the hardest rock. It is understood that the ticket-sellers in the theatre box-offices will spray tris liquid on the cheek of the man who asks for free passes when the "Standing-Room-Only" sign is out.

This thing of the sauce for the goos being also sauce for the gander entails some very unpleasant arrangments once in awhile. For instance, it is all right and proper that America should forbid Chinese immigration, but it is a high-handed outrage when China meditates retaliation, as she is doing right

THE laundry business in New York city is in danger of being ruined by Chinese cheap labor. One Yung Wo. a converted washee man, has posted on the door of his shop the following inscription: "The peace of the Lord abides in this house. Washing is done here for church members at reduced

THE Browning world stands startled and shocked at Professor Swing's lack of faith in its prophet and poet. He says that "Browning lacks the faculty to make the inverted sentences which verse ly as the natural sentences of oratory. The criticism is just. A poet who can not make his verse as clear as another man's prose is a failure. Pope and Byron were poets, not dreamers and mystics.

THE entire Wong family in the province of Canton, China, has declared war against the powerful family of Lees. Some years ago the Hakas and Buntas engaged in a similar feudal warfare. thousands of men and women being killed, the war continuing until the Hakas had almost been exterminated. This Wong-Lee feud is the most extensive one on record, and will furnish the subject for spirited discussion in every Chinese laundry in the United States.

NEWPORT, Ky. is in a singular stew over the monetary affairs of its ex-city clerk. He was removed some time since for being short \$1,671 in his accounts. The city, however, consented to compromise with him for an even \$1,000. Now it is discovered that during the four years in which he held the office he did not draw as much pay as he was entitled to by over \$2,000, consequently the boot is on the other leg, and the question of the hour at Newport is, shall the city prosecute the ex-clerk as a defaulter, or shall the ex-clerk prosecute the city for not carrying out its contracts?

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS presents charming contribution to one of the most important issues of the day, social regeneration, in his latest novel, "Annie Kilburn." His genius has taken a new trend in considering the social and industrial problems of progress and poverty; and his strong sympathies and intellectual acumen show astonishing famillarity with the pulse animating the spirit of the time. The highest courts of literary criticism in England have perused this book with interest, and are staneous in their commendation of it as the cleverest American novel in urrent literature.

A PHILADELPHIA genius has love a floor for street care which will relieve

on your breast, With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest While a holy emotion my tongue dared

Your glances seemed drawing through mine eyes
As the sau draws the mist from the sea to

the skies.

And your lips clung to mine, till I prayed in my bliss

They might never unclasp from that passionate kiss.

You kissed me! My heart, and my breath, and my will In delirious joy for the moment stood still. Life had for me then no temptations, no charms.

No vista of pleasure outside of your arms.

And were I this instant an angel, possessed

Of the glory and peace that are given the

blest, I would fling my white robes unrepiningly down, And tear from my forehead its beautiful

crown,
To nestle once more in that haven of rest,
With your lips upon mine and my head o
your breast, You kissed me! My soul, in a bliss so di-

vine,
Recled and swooned like a foolish man
drunken with wine,
And I thought 'twere delicious to die then
if death

if death
Would come when my mouth was yet most
with your breath.
And these are the questions I ask day and
night:
Must my life taste but one such exquisite shelter as then?

And if you were here would you kiss me again?

-Josephine S. Hunt.

A STRANGE LOVER.

CHAPTER IX.-CONTINUED. DIGGING A PIT FOR HIMSELF.

"All is not honey to you I see," said Hardman, grimly. "You were always a soft beggar with women, and I have often wondered how you could be indif-ferent to the charms of your wife. It is rather a good joke."
"I don't find it so," returned Bowley

Marsh. "Now are you satisfied?"
"No," said Hardman sternly, "the
grave has been dug, and if it is not for
your wife it is for ME."
A dead silence followed this declara-

tion, and it seemed to Mary that she could hear the very heart of Bowley Marsh beating furiously, and a vision of his fear-stricken face rose up before

her.
"Bowley Marsh." continued Hardman. speaking as if every word that fell from his mouth were a pellet of lead, 'you come here to get rid of me—the only thing that amazes me, is that you had the pluck to think of it. Well, you have thought of it; and now we come to this—I can't trust you any further."
"You've got a crank notion into you

head, Seth Hardman."
"No I haven't; and it doesn't suit my purpose to live with a man who may at any time give me a shot in the back. There is only one way out of the diffi culty—the grave is dug, and one of us must fill it?"

"Come, Hardman." said Marsh in "Come, Hardman," said Marsh in a whining tone, "don't talk nonsense."
"My proposal," replied Hardman, "is one that would be approved of out West. It's honorable, more honorable than you deserve. Here are your weapons—loaded. I expect:—yes, every chamber. Now then, are you ready? We

will have short range—the width of the grave you dug, and no more."
"Hardman, can't you go back on this

proposal: "I'll write you a cheque for your "And stop it to morrow. No. I'll settle the whole business my way. Do gettle the whole business my way. Do govern accept? If you will not I'll shoot sulting-room. He laid the letter before

you as you stand, like a dog. "Well, give me one of the populars," said Marsh. "When we reach the spot for business," replied Hardman coolly, "and not before. Go on a-head, and try no

tricks: no attempt at alarm, or I'll bring After a moment's pause there was a

After a moment's pause there was a a movement in the room. It was Bowley Marsh going slowly towards the door. He paused there, and made another appeal to Hardman.

"If you kill me." he said, "what will you gain by it? I've so disposed of the money that you can't touch it; it will

go to my wife—"
"To whom it in part belongs," interposed Hardman. "I want none of your money—go a-head."

money—go a-head."

They went out, and step by step passed down the landing. as steadily as two soldiers marching together. Mary could picture them in her mind's eye, as clearly as if she were with them—Marsh going on reluctantly in front; Hard-man, with a hard, determined look upon

his face, following behind.

She waited until they were half-way down the stairs before opening the door: at the same moment Aurelia came out and confronted her. She had not yet made any difference in her toilet.

Mary held the candlestick in her hand; she had mechanically brought it from the room, and its light fell full upon

her death-like face.
"What has happened?" Aurelia asked;
"where are they going?"
"To kill each other," replied Mary

"Mary, you are jesting!"
"No, it is true. I can't tell you have heard—it is too dreadful! I can't tell you all I Aurelia! I am more sorry for you than ever. How shall I tell you!"

She leant against the wall and closed her eyes, nearly overcome with horror and grief. Aurelia put her arm about

her.

"Come into my room, Mary," she said.
"I ought to have known that their rough language would horrify you."

"It was not the language, but the things I heard," said Mary. "They are going to fight—to the death! Hark!"

The short, sharp crack of a recolumn

The short, sharp crack of a revolver was heard outside, then another, and The two tender women clung "Let us get away from this horrible place!" said Marv wildly, "any where is better than this house. Let us stay for nothing. There are houses not far away, and somebody will give us shel-

Clinging to each other, they tottered

rather than walked down the stairs. In the hall, upon a chair, were two shawls they had worn outside that evening after dinner. Instinctively they took after dinner. Instinctively they took them up, and covered their heads and noulders.

Aurelia opened the door, and outside
Il seemed dark as a tomb. From out
I this darkness there emerged the form

CHAPTER X.

THE DAY THAT POLLOWED THE NIGHT. The dispensary belonging to Gordon Gray and Doctor Jecks was a busy place early in the morning, say from nine o'clock till eleves.

o'clock till eleven.

It was then that the free patienta, troubled with small ailments, were seen and prescribed for. There was no lack of patronage. A cut finger, the toothache, wounds and bruises of every description, had to be attended to.

The lirst rule of the place was, first come first served; and the patients spread out like a tail from the dispensary door, its length dwindling slowly as each case received prompt attention and was dismissed.

was dismissed.

No infringement of this rule was allowed. Any attempt on the part of a sufferer to get in out of turn was resented and effectually checked, by the voice alone if possible, by physical force

if necessary.

This was not a matter of rare occur rence, and the two doctors generally allowed the patients to settle the matter.
"To fight it out," as Doctor Jecks said.
"In minor cases a little excitement did a power of good," was his opinion of the matter.

So it chanced that when on the morn-So it chanced that when on the morning after the tragic doings at the White House, one of these customary expostulating riots was going on neither the two doctors, nor their dispenser Audrey Bevan, at first paid any heed to it.

But as the riot increased to proportions not usually attained, Gordon Gray left a patient and went to the door to throw oil on the troubled waters, if oil

throw oil on the troubled waters, if oil would suffice. If not, he was prepared to employ a more emphatic means to quell the commotion.

The scene was decidedly unusual.

The line of patients had been broken up and formed itself into shifting, threatening barrier to an old woman, who was trying to force her way in. Her humble apparel had suffered in the struggle, but she still tried to force her way, holding aloft a letter.



Gordon Gray could see by the expression of the woman's face that she was deaf, and that all the remonstrance of the excited patients, also their threatenings, were so many dumb motions to her. He also saw, what the patients did not see, that she was not in need of medical assistance or advice, but was medical assistance or advice, but was simply the bearer of a communication that might be of some importance.

"Now, my friends," he cried, "what is all this riot about? Keep quiet, and let me see who that letter is for."

They heard his voice, and it was a power among them. A stillness fell upon them, and the old woman settling her beared and reasonance here, show!

her bonnet and rearranging her shaw

her bonnet and rearranging her shawi with an air of dogged triumph, was allowed to come forward.

It was Mrs. Biddle, dusty, footsore, and weary with a long tramp from the White House to the dispensary. The letter was for Gordon Gray, and the direction in Mary's writing.

Gordon tore open the envelope, and read the following hasty scrawl—

read the following hasty scrawl—
"Come, my darling Gordon at ONCE, and bring mother with you. Aurelia is not very well, but do not be alarmed.

Doctor Jecks, and asked him what he thought of it.

You must go," was the quick reply "You must go, was the quarter,"
"Your wife is not the woman to fuss
about nothing. Notwithstanding the
tone of that letter, I am sure something
serious has happened. Where is the

tone of that letter, I am sure something serious has happened. Where is the person who brought it?"

Gordon went out to look for her, but Mrs. Biddle was not there. The people outside said she had gone by the way she came, without once looking back, "I will attend to what is necessary during your absence," said Doctor Jecks. "I suppose I shall see nothing more of you to-day?"

i to-day?"
'I will wire," replied Gordon; "and, by-the-way, say nothing to Bevan until you hear from me. He is not very strong yet, and is ill-fitted to hear bad news."
Gordon walked to Cambridge Heath

Gate before he could procure a han-some cab, and in a quarter of an hour he and Mrs. Bevan were being borne swifty

and ars. Bevan were being corne swity towards the White House.

But when they saw a little crowd of people in the road, and two policemen guarding the gate a cry burst from

Mrs. Bevan's lips.

"He has murdered my poor child," she monned, and her face grew white and haggard with a great dread.

The cab was allowed to draw up at the gate by the people, who immediate-ly afterwards surged round it again, to gratify their curiosity by a sight of its

nmates. Gordon alighted, and handed Mrs Bevan out. She was still trembling. One of the officers cleared the way for

"We are friends of the people we have." Gordon said. "What Gordon said. live here," happened?" happened?"
"Murder, sir," was the brief reply. Gordon turned deathly pale.
"The wife—her friend—"he said.

Both ladies safe, sir, although one of them is very ill."
"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Gordon,

as he drew the arm of Mrs. Bevan through his. "We can pass in, I sup-

They found two other policemen at the door, and one of them accompanied the anxious mother and husband into the house.
"I think, sir," said the officer, "that

the lady had better go upstairs first, Mrs. Marsh and her friend are in one of the rooms. Mrs. Bevan hurried upstairs as fast

Mrs. Bevan hurried upstairs as fast as her shaking limbs would allow, and Gordon questioned the officer about the events of the previous night.

"We only know that Mr. Marsh has been shot dead," the man said; "he was found lying in the shrubbery near a roughly dug grave. He had been dragged there. We have reason to believe that he was shot in the back, not far from the front door."

"But who shot him?"

"Well, that is what we have to find out. Early this morning a man called

bad way ever since—in and out of fainting fita."

"But the other man—Hardman—where is he?" asked Gordon, impatiently. "He, no doubt, is the murderer."

"Perhaps so," said the officer, cautiously. "You see, sir, we don't know anything of him only what the lady said—the one that keeps pretty quiet through it all. She's got a bit of writing which she will have to produce at the inquest. But here she comes, sir; she can tell the tale better than me."

The man retired as Mary came gliding down the stairs. She flew into her husband's arms, and began sobbing on his breast.

reast.

He kissed her tenderly, and she grev more composed: then meeting his loving gaze, she put her arm round his nech

gaze, she put her arm round his neck and commenced to sob again.

"That's right, Mary," said Gordon, quietly, "it will do you good. Aurelia, how is she?"

"Better," replied Mary, drying her eyes, "but it will be a long time before she is herself again. We have had a dreadful night."

She was shivering miserably, and cold as ice. Her face, pale and drawn, looked quite careworn when she lifted it the light.

"Come in here," said Gordon, drawing her into the dining-room, "and tell me all about it—at least, as much as you are able to." "I can tell you everything," replied

"I can tell you everything," replied Mary with a smile: "now that you have come I feel quite strong again."

She told him all that has been laid before the reader, and we will take up the narrative at the point where Seth Hardman followed them into the house, "We thought he was going to kill us," Mary said, "but he did not mean us harm, only he was very stern, and brought us in here like prisoners. He told us quite calmly that he had shot Bowley Marsh dead, after he had tried to shoot him unfairly, and that he meant to get away if he could, but before going he would like to write down a confession and sign it. I had already heard it, of course, but it was news to Aurelia, and when he had written and begun to read it aloud she broke down; egun to read it aloud she broke down: t was a terrible story for her to hear. "He signed his confession in our pres-ence, and I witnessed it," Mary said. "He then put this additional admission

to it."
Gordon Gray looked at the paragraph she pointed out, and read aloud—
"It was I who killed Bowley Marsh, and I alone had a hand in it, No other person in this house had any share in the murder directly or indirectly. SETH HARDMAN."

"The fellow must have had some good in him," said Gordon. as he refolded and carefully placed the confession in his pocket, "and he has done a kind thing for you and Aurelia; but for all that, if they catch him you will have to give evidence that will lead him to the scaffold,"

"I don't think I could ever do that,"
Mary said "Of course, it was wrong of

Mary seid. "Of course, it was wrong of him to kill Bowley Marsh, but—but they say, 'speak well of the dead,' but I can-not help it—he deserved his death." "Well, we must hope Hardman will ever be found," said Gordon.

The wish of Gordon Gray came to pass; Seth Hardman was never cap-tured. Months after his escape a letter came from him from America, addressed o Aurelia saying that he had voluntari-y taken a lonely life in a far-off waste,

"where no man would ever find him."
"Think of me kindly if you can," he begged. "With all my faults, I loved you better than my own life."
She was abroad with Mr. and Mrs. Bevan at Nice when the letter was for-warded on to them, and in that sunny

place was learning to forget all that had cast so dark a shadow upon her heart.

In the enjoyment of the wealth of which they had been for a time deprived, they could now talk without pain of the days when they had suffered from the supposed "hoax;" and whenever Aurelia spoke with reproach of her hasty marriage, she would be stopped with the assurance that, after all, her ends had been attained, "You did it for our sake." Mrs. Revan. beart.

"You did it for our sake," Mrs. Bevan always declared; ever have remained poor."

So she has to reconcile herself to the thought that it was all for the best, in-

deed. She is still young; and her beauty has not lost, but gained, by the sadness of the past,
As for wooers, she has no lack of them; and there is one among them, whom she allows to linger longest by her side, and whose presence brings a wonderful light of joy and tenderness to her grey eyes. Soon she will be his to her grey eyes. Soon she will be his wife, and all the unhappy past will seem but the memory of a distorted

dream. Doctor Jecks has given up his East-end practice. He is growing too old to cope with its manfold duties, and inger men have come to take his

But he has not ubandoned old friends. room of the famous Doctor Gray, whose practice is one of the largest in the West-end. And even there the poor are not forgotten.

Among the many who are helped by

he doctor's sweet little wife is deaf Mrs. Biddle. who, by that weary tramp from Hackney Marshes to Cambridge Heath, won their lasting gratitude. Not many years have passed since that dreadful night, but the world has forgotten the story of the White House and Aurelia's strange lover.

THE END.

Shaken in the Hopper.

In the September Home-Maker Dr. Grace Peckham tells about some queer superstitions relating to health. One of her correspondents writes: My of her correspondents writes: My grandfather had a grist mill in the coun-try when I was a boy living in the same neighborhood. One winter the whoop-ing-cough raged among the children. ing-cough raged among the children. The disease was very severe in almost every case, and the sole treatment given to more than one little sufferer was to bring him or her to grandfather's mill twice each week, and have the child shaken in the wheat hopper over two huns.

buns,

I emphasize the word wheat, because
it would have been of no avail to put
the child into the corn hopper. I firmly
believe now that more children were
killed then cured by this method of
treatment, for it was a very severe
winter, and some of the children were
brought long distances in all kinds of
weather.

I remember one old man who brought
half-grown, orippied granddaughter,

half-grown, crippled granddaughter, a child very dear to him, to be shaken in the hopper. They came one cold, day in February, the girl in a lbarrow, trundled slowly and pain-

DANGER FROM DELILARS.

Dr. Talmage Talks of "The Shorn Locks of Samson."

ome of the Ways in Which Strong Men Get Their Locks Shorn-The Earth Filled with Carcasses of Giants-A Warning to Young

In his discourse of last Sunday in Brook-lyn Tabernacie, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage spoke most eloquently on the snares and temptations of life to a large audience. His text was Judges XVI, 5. "Entice him, and see wherein his great strength lieth, and by what means we may prevail against him, that we may bind him to affict him; and we will give thee every one of us eleven hundred pieces of silver." The sermon was as follows: One thousand rounds, or about five thou-

sand dollars of our money, were thus offer-ed for the capture of a giant, it would take a skillful photographist to picture Samson as he really was. The most facile words are not supple enough to describe him. He was a giant and a child; the conhim. He was a riant and a child; the conqueror and the defeated; able to snap a lion's jaw, and yet captured by the sigh of a maiden. He was raier and stave; a comminging of virtue and vice, the sublime and ridiculous; sharp enough to make a riddle, and yet weak enough to be caught in the most superficial stratagem; honest enough to settle his debt, and yet outrageously robbing somebody else to get the material to pay it; a miracle and a scoffing; a crowning glory and a burning shame. There he stands, looming up above other men, a mountain of flesh his arms bunched with muscle that can lift the gate of a city; taking an attitude defiant of armed men and wild beasts. His hair had never been cut, and it rolled down in seven great plaits over his shoulders adding to his fierceness and tercor. The Philistines want to conquer him, and therefore they must find out where the secret of his strength lies.

There is a woman living in the valley of

great plaits over his shoulders, adding to his ferceness and terror. The Philistines want to conquer him, and therefore they must find out where the secret of his strength lies.

There is a woman living in the valley of Sorek by the name of Delliah. They appoint her an agent in the case. The Philistines are secreted in the same building, and then Delliah goes to work and coaxes Samson to tell what is the secret of his strength. "Well," he says, "if you should take seven green withes, such as they fasten wild beasts with, and put them around me, I should be perfectly powerless." So she binds him with the seven green withes. Then she claps her hands, and says, "They come—the Philistines" and he walks out as though there were no impediment. She coaxes him again, and says, "Now tell me the secret of this great strength," and he replies, "if you should take some ropes that nover have been used, and tie me with them, Ishould be just like other men." She ties him with the ropes, claps her hands and shouts, "They come—the Philistines." He walks out as easy as he did before—not a single obstruction. She coaxes him again, and he says, "Now if you should take these soven long plaits of hair, and by this house loom wenver them into a web, I could not get away." So the house loom is rolled un, and the shuttle files backward and forward, and the long plaits of hair are woven into a web. Then she claps her hands, and says, "They come! the Philistines."

He walks out as easily as he did before, dragging a part of the loam with him. But after awhile she persuades him to tell the truth. He says: "If you should take a razor, or shears, and cut off this long hair, I should be powerless, and in the hands of my cemies." Samson sleeps, and, that she may not wake him during the process of shearing, help is called in. You know that the barbers of the cast have such a shillful way of manipulating the head, that to this very day they will put a man, wide awake, sound asleep. I hear the blantes of heart is the stream of the piant is thrus other class of lessons are before us now.

Learn first how very strong people are sometimes coaxed into great imbeelities. Samson had no right to reveal the secret of his strength. Dellish's first attempt to sometimes coaxed into great imbeelities. Samson had no right to reveal the secret of his strength. Deliah's first attempt to find out is a failure. He says: "Green withes will bind me," but it was a failure. Then he says, "A new rope will hold me," but that also was a failure. Then he says, "Weave my locks into a web and that will bind me," yet that also was a failure. But at last you see how she coaxed it out of him. Unimportant actions in life that involve no moral principle may without injury be subjected to a rdent persuasions, but as soon as you have come to the line that separates right from wrong, no inducement or bland-ishment ought to make you step over it. Suppose a man has been brought up in a Christian household and taught sacredly to observe the Sabbath. Sunday comes; you want fresh air. Temptation says, "Sunday is just like other days: now don't be biroted; we will ride forth among the works of God; the whole earth is his temple; we will not go into any dissipations; come, now, I have the carriage engaged and we shall be back soon enough to go to church in the evening; don't yield to Puritanic notions; you will be no worse for a ride in the country; the blossoms are out and they say everything is looking glorlous." "Well, I will go to please you," is the response. And out they go over the street, conscience drowned in the elatter of the swift hooks and the rush of the resounding wheels. That tempod man may have had moral character enough to break the green withes of ten thousand Philistine allurements, but he has been overcome by coaxing.

Two young men passing down this street come opposite a drinking saloon with a red lantern hung out from the door to light men to perdition. "Let us go in," says one. "No, I won't," says the other; "I never go to such places." "Now, you don't say you are as weak as that. Why, I have been going there for two years and it hasn't hurt men to perdition. "Let us go in," says one in the perdition. "Let us go in," says one in the perdition. "Let us go in," says one in t

and they shout. "Ita! ha! We've got him."
Those who have the kindest and most sympathetic natures are the most in danger.
Your very disposition to please others will be the very trap they set. If you were cold and harsh and severe in your nature you would not be tampered with. People never fondle a hedgelog. The most sentimental Greenlander never kisses an ice-berg. The warmth and susceptibility of your nature will encourage the siren. Though strong as a giant, look out for Delilah's scissors. Samson, the strongest man who ever lived, was overcome by coaxing.

Again, this narrative teaches us the power of an ill disposed weman. In the power of an ill disposed weman who ever lived, was overcome by coaxing.

Again, this narrative teaches us the power of an ill disposed weman. In the power is allowed to the request and the pictures of women as well as men. Delilah's pictures of women as well as men. Delilah's picture of women as well as men. Delilah's picture of the passen is resolution as easily as he shouldered the gates of Gara. The force that had killed the ilon which one any plunged out flerce from the thicket utterly succumbs to the silken net which Delilah weaves for the giant. He who had driven an army in victous retreat with the bleached law bone, amiting them hip and thigh weaves for the giant. He who had driven an army in victous retreat with the bleached law bone, amiting them hip and thigh weaves for the giant. He who had driven an army in victous retreat with the bleached law bone, and the hould have the had had an an all the little of sens. How contrast with Rebecca and Phobe an

many a year, uttering itself in every syllable, a dignity that cannot be dethroad united with the playfulness that will not be checked, her hand the charm that will instantly take pain out of the child's worst wound, her presence a perpetual benedicton, her name our defense when we are tempted, her memory an outgushing well of tears and congratulation and thanksgiving, her heaven a palm waving and a coronal; then there is just as great an influence in the opposite direction in the bad mother her brow beclouded with ungoverned passion, her eyes fashing with unsantified fire, her lips the fountain of fretfulness and degravity, her example a mildew and a blasting, her mame a discrace to coming generations, her memory a signal for bitterest anothems, her derenity a whiriwind and a sufficeation and a darkness. One wrong headed, wrong hearted mother may ruin one child, and that one child, grown up, may destroy a handred people and the hundred biast a thousand, and the thousand a million. The whie's sphere is a realm of home and power almost unlimited. What a blassing was Sarah to Abraham, was Decerah to Lapidoth, was Zipporah to Moses, was Huliah to Shallum.

There are multitudes of men in the marts of trade whose fortunes have been the result of a wife's frugality. Four hands have been achieving that estate, two at the store, two at the home. The burdens of life are comparatively light when there are other hands to help us lift them. The greatest difficulties have often slank away because there were four eyes to look them out of countenance. What care you for hand knocks in the world as long as you have a bright domestic circle for harbor! One cheerful world in the evening tide as you come in has silenced the clamor of unpaid notes and the disappointment of poor investments. Your table may be quite fragally spread, but it seems more beautiful to you than many tables that smoke with venison and blush with Burgundy. Peace meets you at the door, sits beside you at the door, sits beside you at the door, sits beside you

at the marriage altar. Side by side in the long journey. Side by side in their graves. After life's fitful fever they sleet well.

But there are, as my subject suggests, domestic scenes not so tranquil. What a curse to Job and Poliphar were their companions, to Ahab was Jezebel, to Jehoram was Athaliah, to John Wesley was Mrs. Wesley, to Samson was Delitah. While the most excellent and triumphant exhibitions of character we find among the women of history, and the world thrills with the names of marie Moving the manes of marie Antoinette and tions of character we find among the women of history, and the world thrills with the names of Marie Antoinette and Josephine, and Joan of Arc and Maria Theresa and hundreds of others, who have ruled in the brightest homes and sung the sweetest cantos, enchanted the nations with their art and swayed the mightiest of scepters, on the other hand the names of Mary the first of England Margaret of France, Julia of Rome and Elizabeth Petrowna of Russia have scorehed the eye of history with their abominations, and their names, like banished spirits, have gone shricking and cursing through the world. In female biography we find the two extremes of excellence and crime, by oman stands nourest the gate of heaven or nearest the door of hell. When adorned by gence she reaches a point of Christian elevation which man cannot attain, and when blasted of crime she sinks deeper toan man can plunge. Yet I am glad that the instances in which woman makes utter shipwreck of character are comparatively rare.

rare. But, says some synical spirit, what do you do with those words in Ecclesiastes where Solamon says: "Behold, this have I found, saith the account: which yet my soul seeketh, but I find not; one man among at thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I found; but a woman among all those have I found; but which yet my soul seeketh, but I find not; one man among a litton and have I found; but a woman among all those have I found; but we would have I found; with a star of the same that if Solomon had behaved himself with common decemey and kept out of infamous circles he would not have had so much difficulty in fluding integrity of character among women and never would have uttered such a tirade. Ever since my childhood I have heard speakers admiring Diogenes, the cyalical philosopher who lived in a tub, for going through the streets of Athens in broad daylight with a lantern, and when for going through the streets of Athens in bread daylight with a lantern, and when asked what he did that for, said: "I am looking for an honest man," Now I warrant that that philosopher who had such a hard time to find an honest man was himself dishonest. I think he stole both the lantern and the tub. So, when I hear a man expatiating on the weaknesses of women, I immediately suspect him and say there is another Solomon with Solomon's wisdom left out. Still, I would not have the illustrations I have given of transcending excellency in female biography lead you to suppose that there are no perils in woman's pathway. God's grace alone can make an isabella Graham, or a Christine Alsop, or a Fidelia Fiske, or a Catherine of Siena. Temptations lurk about the brightest domestic circle. It was no unmeaning thing mestic circle. It was no unmeaning thing when God set up amidst the solendors of his word the character of infamous De-Again, this strange story of the text

Again, this strange story of the text leads me to consider some of the ways in which strong men get their locks shorn. Cod, for some reason best known to him self, made the strength of Samson to depend on the length of his hair; when the shears clipped it his strength was gone. The strength of men is variously distributed. Sometimes it lies in physical development, sometimes it intellectual attainment, sometimes in intellectual attainment in sometimes in the least of the case of the samsons ungianted. I saw a young man start in life under the most cheering advantages, it is acute mind was at home in all scientific dominion. He reached not only all ragged attainments, but by delicate appreciation be could catch the tinge of the cloud and the sparkle of the wave and the diapasen of the thunder. He walked forth in life head and shoulders above others in mental statue. He could wrestle with giants in opposing systems of philosophy and carry off the gates of opposing schools and smite the enemies of truth hip and thigh with great slaughter. But he began to tamper with brilliant free thinking. Modern theories of the soul threw over him their blandishments. Skepticism was the Delliah that shore his locks off, and all the Philistines of doubt and darkness and despair were upon him. He died in a very prison of unbelief, his eyes out.

He died in a very prison of unbolief, his eyes out.

Far back in the country districts—just where I purposely omit to say—there was born one whose fame will last as long as American institutions. His name was the terror of all enemies of free government. He stood, the admired of millions; the nation uncovered in his presence, and when he spoke senates an breathless under the speil. The plotters arainst good government attempted to bind him with green withes and weave his locks in a web, yet he walked forth from the enthraliment, not knowing he had burst a bond. But from the wine cup there areas a destroying spirit that came forth to capture his soul. He drank until his eyes grew dim and his knees knocked together and his strength failed. Exhausted with lifelong dissipations, he went home to die. Ministers pronounced elequent eulogiums, and poets, sung, and painters sietched, and sulptors chiseled the majeatic form into marble, and the world went, but everywhere it was known that it was strong drink that came like the Infamo us Deliala and his locks were shore.

From the Island of Coraca there started forth a nature charged with unparalleled energies to make thrones tremble and convulse the earth. Pledmont, Naples, land rose up to crush the rising man. At the plungs of his bayonets Hastles burst open. The earth ground with the agonies of Rivelt, Austerliz, Saragossa and Eylau. Five million men slain in his wars. Crowns were showered at his feet, and kingdoms hoisted triumphal arches to let him pass under, and Europe was lighted up at the conligaration of consuming cities. He could almost have made a causeway of human bones between Lisbon and Moscow. No power short of cinapotent God could arrest him. But out of the ocean of human blood there arose a spirit in which the conjugare found more than a match. The very smothion that had rocked the world was a wear to be the continuous could be a causeway of human bones a spirit in which the conjugare found more than a match. The very smothion that had rocked the world w eyes out.
Far back in the country districts-just

be his destroyer. It grasped for too and in its effort lost all. He reached and in its effort lost ail. He reached up after the scepter of universal dominion, but
slipped and fell back into desolution and
banishment. The American ship, damaged
of the storm, to-day puts up in St. Helens
and the crew goup to see the spot where the
French exile expired in loneliness and disgrace, the mightlest of all Samsous shorn of
his locks by ambition, that most mercless
of all Deliinha.

grace, the migritiest of all Samsous shorn of his locks by ambition, that most merciless of all Delinhs.

I have not time to enumerate. Evil associations, sudden successes, apend-thrift habits, miserly proclivities and dissipation are the names of some of the shears with which men are every day made powerless. They have strewn the earth with the carcasses of giants and filled the great prison house with destroyed Samsons, who sit grinding the mills of despair, their locks shorn and their eyes out. If parents only knew to what temptations their children were subjected they would be more earnest in their prayers and more careful about their example. No young man escapes having the pathway of sin pictured in bright colors before him.

The first time I ever saw a city—it was the city of Philadelphin—I was a mere lad. I stopped at a hotel, and I remember in the eventide a corrupt man piled me with his infernal art. He saw I was green. He wanted to show me the sights of the town. He painted the path of sin until it looked like emerald; but I was afraid of him. I shoved back from the basilisk. I remember how he recied his chear round in front of me and with a concentrated and diabolical effort attempted to destroy my soul; but there were good angels in the air that night. It was no good resolution on my part, but it was the all encompassing grace of a good God that delivered me. Beware! beware! O young man!

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death. If all the victims of an impure life in all lands and ages could be gathered together, they would make a host vaster than that which Xerxes led across the Hellespont, than Imour led across Syria; and if they could be stretched out in single file across this continent, I think the vanguard of the host would stand on the beach of the Pacific will yet the rear guard stood on the beach of the Atlantic.

I say this not because I expect to reclaim any one that has gone astray in this fearful nathy one that has gone astray in this fearful nany on

while yet the rear guard stood on the beach of the Atlantic.

I say this not because I expect to reclaim any one that has gone astray in this fearful path, but because I want to utter a warning for those who still maintain their integrity. The cases of reclamation of those who have given themselves fully up to an impure life are so few, probably you do not know one of them. I have seen a good many start out on that road. How many have I seen come back! Not one that I now think of. It seems as if the spell of death is on them and no hu man volce or the voice of God can break the spell. Their feet are hoppica, their wrists are handenfied. They have around them a circle of reptiles bunched at the waist, fastening them to an iron doom every time they breathe the forked tongues strike them and they strain to break away until the tendors snap and the blood exudes; until the tendons snap and the blood exudes and amidst their contortions they ery out "Take me back to my father's house Where is nother!" Take me nome! Take

Where is mother?" Take me home! Take me home."

Do I stand before a man to-day the locks of whose strength are being toyed with, let me tell you to escape lest the shears of destruction take your moral and your spiritual integrity. Do you not see your sandais beginning to curi on that red hot path! This day in the name of Almight God I teas off the heautifying veil and the embroidered mantle of this old hag of iniquity, and I show you the ulcers and the bloody ichor and the cancered limbs and the parting joints and the macerated limbs and the wrigging purefaction, and I ery out, Oh, horror of horrors! In the stillness of this Sabbath hour I lift a warning, Remember it is much easier to form stillness of this Sabbath hour I lift a warning. Remember it is much easier to form bad habits than to get clear of them: in one minute of time vou may get into a sin from which all eternity cannot get you out.

Oi, that the voice of God's truth might drown the voice of Delliah. Come into the paths of peace, and by the grace of a pardoning God start for thrones of henor and dominion upon which you may refer, rather than travel the road to a duareon where the destroyed grind in the mills of despair, their locks shorn and their eyes out.

---A Foolish Tond That Thought a Humble-Res Wa

The other day as I lay in my hammock says a Summer correspondent, I saw a huge toad winking and blinking under the large leaf of a foliage plant. He looked contented and happy and just as if he didn't care whether school keptor not. A humble-bee came buz-zing around the flowers. That toad opened its eyes, deliberately winked one eye at me, and then to all appearances went to sleep again. He was not asleen, however, for the next moment, made a little spring, opened his countenance till I thought he would drop in two, there was a red flash-and the

I was just beginning to wonder where it had gone to when I observed the toad begin to look melancholy. I then noticed that his white vost was puffed out like an aiderman's. In less time than it takes to tell it, he was the most loathsome-looking tond I ever saw. He seemed to reflect a minute, and then he got into an attitude in which the old prints represent Nebuchaunezzar when he was out to pasture. His big mouth was close to the ground, while his hind feet stood on tiptoe. He had swallowed something hot and was now going to get rid of it by reversing the

process. After several violent efforts, during which his whole anatomy heaved with emotion, the troublesome Jonah was ejected and lay on the grass before him. The toud wasn't winking at me any more. Instead, he was vent-ing looks of revengeful spite at the unfortunate author of all his troubles, which by this time presented a sorry appearance. Soon he cautiously approached and, with a lightning-like movement, the bee again disappeared, this time to stay. For a moment the toad moved cautiously, as if to avoid stirring up again that burning fire be-neath his vest, and then, seeing that it was all right, hopped back with an elated air and went to sleep under the

"Tim" Campbell and the States.

At last there is a new story about 'Tim" Campbell, and, better still, a story which "Tim" admits to be true, says the New York Herald. It seems that toward the end of "Tim's" in congress, last February, a select party of his constituents visited Washngton and him. He showed them around in his best manner, gave terrapin to eat, took them to see Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, gracefully remarking, "Me and Grove came in together and me and Grove go out together; pointed out to them all the distinguished men, and explained to them the remarkable objects of art in the capitol. "Tim" was never "stumped," although the allegorical paintings troubled him a good deal, until white visiting the hall of statuary in the capitol they arrived at the statue of Fultan, contributed by the state of New York. Fulton is represented sitting in a chair contemplating a model of his steamboat, whose pandle-wneels stand out conspicuously.
"Who is that, Tim?" exclaimed Mr.

Dovovan, the songster, "and phwat is he doing?" "Tim" couldn't tell, and he looked

puzzled. All watched him with inreputation in the sixth assembly district depended upon his answer. In a minute his krish wit came to his rescue: "Sure, I've forget his name for the moment, but I can tell yez phwat it is. It is the statue of the man that invented

roller-skates, and that's wan ov thim he has in his hand. See?" Every one was satisfied and the pro-cession moved on.